

SAINTS PETER AND PAUL.

(See the incident related in Galatians II., 11-14.)

[*Guido Reni.*]



Vol. VI.

JUNE, 1915.

No. 2.

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Felicia Curtis.

Our readers will hear with regret of the death, on May 8th, of Miss Felicia Curtis, whose fine serial, finished just before her last illness, is now running in our pages. Miss Curtis had been only a few years in the Church: but with the zeal of the convert she devoted all her literary talent to the interests of the faith which brought her such happiness, though embraced at much sacrifice. She was the author of many books, but she will be best remembered by her two brilliant historical novels, "Under the Rose" and "In the Lean Years," dealing with the Elizabethan and Georgian periods respectively: both of which met with a flattering reception from the press, Catholic and non-Catholic alike. For our own pages she wrote a short historical serial which was much appreciated by all our readers. Her death will leave a gap that can be ill borne now in the ranks of accomplished Catholic writers, and to ourselves comes with a sense of personal loss. We are sure that the mere announcement of her death will ensure her a place in our readers' prayers.—R.I.P.

The Owner of Gorreston Hall.

"Transit gloria mundi, fides Catholica manet."

BY FELICIA CURTIS.

Author of "Under the Rose," "In the Lean Years,"
"Near Neighbours," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

During the days that followed their first meeting, Jemima, in spite of her dislike of that personage, saw a good deal of Mr. Peter Bretton. Leo found it delightful to have a companion of his own sex, and only a few years older than himself. He had missed his tutor, George Grenton, considerably, since he left the Trevycks three years ago. Jemima was, of course, an excellent chum, but it was pleasant to talk to somebody who saw things from a masculine point of view.

So the two young men went off on sketching excursions together, to the benefit of Leo's art, and the detriment of Jemima's temper. Those excursions sometimes lasted for a couple of days. Jemima was madly jealous of the newcomer, and disliked him intensely; all the more because she was alone in her feeling of aversion. Mrs. Trevyck voted him "extremely agreeable"; Mr. Trevyck liked to talk to him, and pronounced him "a thoroughly good fellow." Jemima secretly declined to see good of any kind or degree in him.

Mr. Trevyck was fond of the sea, and now and then, with Leo and Bretton as oarsmen, he and his daughter made excursions along the coast. Mrs. Trevyck never accompanied them; she considered sea-breezes and sunshine detrimental to the complexion; the poor woman's one aim in life being to preserve a beauty she had never possessed. She had been married out of the schoolroom; her elder sisters had had already two seasons, and Lady Gorreston was not at all anxious to act as chaperon to three unmarried daughters. Mr. Trevyck, of good family and with large estates, was an excellent match.

To sundry rumours that reached her concerning the suitor's non-religious principles Lady Gorreston—a Protestant of the extreme "Evangelical" school—turned a conveniently deaf ear. "The dear fellow attended divine service with us, and was invariably present at family worship during his visits," she informed her friends; actions which "the dear fellow" considered necessary on the part of a guest from considerations of courtesy. "Dear Selina would no doubt

THE OWNER OF GORRESTON HALL.

greatly influence him for good; a wife had so very much influence." She—Lady Gorreston—had "impressed on Selina the importance of being strict about family prayer, and the duty of seeing that the household attended church at least once on the Sabbath."

So Francis Trevyck married Selina Gorreston, and if he soon discovered that she had not an idea in her head except a desire to have the hair upon it dressed in the most becoming and latest style, he bore the discovery philosophically. They went down to Trevyck after a honeymoon spent abroad; and there they shocked the villagers—who accepted their gifts of coal and blankets all the same—by their non-appearance at the parish church. Mr. Trevyck made no secret of his atheism, and refused to allow his wife to follow her mother's counsels. In all other matters he was a kind and indulgent husband, and Selina—who had no more character than a hairdresser's dummy—acquiesced for the sake of peace.

During their life at Trevyck, Lady Gorreston never found herself able to accept her son-in-law's invitations. She frequently expressed her pious gratitude to Providence for the fact that Selina and dear Francis were so devotedly attached to each other; and wondered what she had done to deserve such blessings when her eldest daughter married a High Anglican rector of good family and holding an excellent living; and her second daughter became the wife of a gentleman who was vicar of Blurton-on-Snows: a populous little place wherein dissent of all kinds flourished like poppies in a field of corn.

It was drawing near Easter, and the world was a glory of roses and all other sweet-smelling things, when the party of four left their boat in charge of a handsome young fellow with a red rose stuck jauntily over one ear, and set out to walk to "The Ruins"; all that was left of what had once been a little town lying among the hills a couple of miles from the sea.

It is a desolate little place, and little visited. Jemima felt an unwonted sense of sadness steal upon her as she saw the ruined houses that had once been homes.

"That is the worst of these beautiful countries," she said in a moralising mood unusual with her, "lovely flowers and nasty stinging flies; exquisite scenery, and dreadful earthquakes to make a wreck of it!"

"Well, don't be dismal about it; the contrast makes the picture all the more vivid," said Leo, making an ineffectual attempt to touch the tail of an apparently sleeping lizard, that went off like a flash of green and gold.

"And," the girl went on, disregarding her brother's speech, "just look at these houses! Where are all the people who once lived happily in them?"

"Ask me another—gathered to their fathers, I suppose," returned Leo lightly; "but, I say, Jemima, you are a depressing sort of young female to bring out on a pic-nic! Come

along by this wall, and touch tails. I'll bet you a box of chocolates I shall be the first to touch one."

"Done!" From nearly every chink in the broken walls hung a slender tail; the two went off in front like two children; Peter Bretton, walking with Mr. Trevyck, looked after them laughingly.

"That chocolate box will not be easily won," he said; "only he who has wasted time in the attempt knows how long it takes to catch a really sleeping lizard."

He turned to his companion as he spoke, and was struck by the look of suffering on his face.

"You—er—don't look very well, Mr. Trevyck. Has the walk been too much for you?"

"No, no, thank you. Did I look gloomy? My little girl's speech started a train of thought, Bretton, not a cheerful one. The child is right. Look at these ruined homes. These people had no warning before their houses were tumbling round their ears. Life is a riddle, a riddle."

"And the solution of the riddle is in the knowledge of God."

"Ah, so you think. I do not share that belief, as you know. I could not share it if I would. To me the universe, and this speck of matter on which we crawl, is just a bewildering maze."

"And its clue is in the hand of God."

"There you are again! Beliefs fit for the world's childhood. Very pretty, and very soothing, like the meaningless rhymes wherewith an infant is sung to sleep. Now, those beliefs have become fetters, cramping man's freedom, checking his liberty."

"His freedom to do wrong; his liberty to sin."

Mr. Trevyck smiled on the speaker indulgently.

"Nonsense, Bretton. Your pardon, but it is nonsense. 'Right' and 'Wrong,' what are they? Terms limited according to the laws laid down by schoolmen. And sin—"

"Is the wilful refusal of the obedience due from the creature to the Creator."

"Ah, well; our point of view is different. We must agree to differ. You know we are going back to Trevyck after Easter? It will be pleasant to see the old place again. You must come and stay with us when you return, Bretton. There are innumerable pretty spots about the district."

"Thank you, I will come with great pleasure."

They had reached the roofless remains of what had once been a comparatively large building.

"Ah, my landlord told me about this;" observed Bretton; "it was the parish church. The roof fell in upon the worshippers, all of whom were killed, with the exception of the officiating priest."

They passed within the enclosure; it was full of wild flowers and fragrant shrubs. Statues of saints still occupied their niches here and there in the walls. Mr. Trevyck turned away with a little gesture of impatience.

"Bah! It is a mistake to come to a place like this," he said, with a trace of impatience in his tone. "It is like pic-nicking in a cemetery. What has become of that boy and girl of mine?"

The box of chocolates had been won by Leo, to Jemima's disgust. The two were in the central part of the little town, where the earthquake had left considerable traces of the severity of the shock. Part of the front of a tall building had fallen, revealing a flight of stone steps. Leo was intent upon the doings of an army of ants when he heard his name called, and to his horror saw his sister's laughing face looking out at him from the upper window of the ruined house.

"Jemima! You little idiot! Don't you know that the very slightest thing might bring the place about your ears? Come down at once!"

The girl laughed delightedly.

"It's the quaintest place," she said; "there's an old daub of a picture on the wall, and a little niche with a plaster saint. I shall bring that saint as a memento."

"Leave the saint alone. You have no right to touch anything. Come down, Jemima, I'm in earnest, you understand. At any minute that wall might fall, and you with it."

"Very well; don't distress yourself, my dear boy. I'm coming. There's father and Mr. Bretton in the distance."

Leo turned in the direction indicated as Jemima disappeared from the window; the two men were walking slowly; and, for the first time Leo noticed a certain languor of movement about his father, in striking contrast with his companion's easy, athletic bearing. A chill of fear struck at the young man's heart. Mr. Trevyck's invalid condition had become such a matter of course that no apprehensions of coming danger—of coming loss—had ever entered his son's mind. Even now those fears remained vague and unformulated, yet Leo was conscious of something like a cloud coming between himself and the sun. He turned impatiently to see if his sister were coming. As he did so there was a rushing noise, a rumble; and, sending clouds of dust into the air, down came the stone stairs.

For a moment Leo was blinded; the next instant, from somewhere out of the chaos came his sister's voice, crying:

"I'm all right, Leo. But I can't get down!"

Then he saw his father, white and trembling beside him; and his anger against Jemima was hot.

"Where is Miss Trevyck?" asked Bretton anxiously.

"Up there somewhere; goodness knows where," returned Leo shortly. "Take my arm, father, come and sit down out of the dust. Jemima is all right; she has just called to say she is."

"I'll help your sister down," said Bretton, with a significant glance towards Mr. Trevyck; and Leo led his father away round an angle of the opposite block of buildings.

"I've my flask with me," he said cheerily, as he placed

his charge in a shady corner; "you will be all the better for a dose, father."

Meanwhile Jemima was contemplating her surroundings with a heartfelt desire to get away from them as speedily as possible. She was afraid to move, lest she might bring about a second catastrophe. The topmost step was all that was left of the stairs; it hung over the chasm, at the bottom whereof lay the confused heap of rubbish still sending up puffs of dust.

A voice came from below.

"Miss Trevyck?"

"It's that Bretton man!" said Jemima, rebelliously to herself; "I'll let Leo know my opinion of this trick!"

"Miss Trevyck?" impatiently.

There was a sound of falling fragments as the speaker climbed up the heap. Jemima crept as near to the edge as was practicable, and looked down. Below her stood Bretton.

"Where is my brother?" she asked, with as much dignity as the circumstances permitted, and unconscious of the fact that she was unrecognizable, being covered with white dust from head to foot.

"He is with Mr. Trevyck, who is not well. He has been much alarmed by this—er—affair."

"He was going to say something rude, and changed his mind," said Jemima to herself, which was a correct statement of the case.

"I can wait until Leo comes," she said loftily.

"Excuse me, you can do nothing of the kind. The slightest vibration might bring the whole building down."

"I would rather wait."

"I would not. I have not the slightest wish to be buried alive."

"There is not the slightest necessity for you to share my fate," remarked Jemima.

"If it were not for putting an end to the anxiety that Mr. Trevyck and your brother are suffering, I would leave you to it!" retorted Bretton, with a lamentable loss of temper; "be good enough to stand up; get as near the edge of that stone as possible, and let yourself drop. I will catch you."

Then, as she still hesitated:

"If you don't, I must imperil both of our lives by trying to climb up to you."

"I'm a tolerable weight," observed the young lady, with composure; but she proceeded to obey.

The two appeared in a few minutes before Mr. Trevyck and Leo, much to the latter's relief. He had absolutely allayed his father's fears, but his own were acute.

"Look here, Jemima, if you are going to play these monkey tricks," he said, with a strong sense of injury upon him, as after unavailing attempts to make herself presentable his sister walked beside him towards the boat; "I shall stay away from pic-nics you honour with your presence in future."

"I don't care. How was I to know the old place would come down? And, Leo, it was horribly nasty and mean of you to send that Mr. Bretton to help me. Why couldn't you come yourself? You know I dislike him."

"I couldn't come myself because father had something very like a faint—brought on by your silliness. It was very good-natured of Bretton to take the trouble."

"He has a vile temper! He all but shook me when he caught me!"

"If he had shaken you, it would have served you jolly well right, too!" asserted her brother with emphasis; then, with a grin of enjoyment: "if you could only see yourself! There is a black smudge from your eyebrow to your ear, and another on your nose. If the mater could only see you now!"

And he went off into peals of laughter.

"It is all very well to laugh—and very unfeeling of you—but suppose I had been killed"—the girl stopped short with a little gasp. "Leo, if I had been killed, where should I be now?"

"Where? Oh, nowhere, of course. There would have been an end of Jemima!"

"An end? Leo, you don't mean to say that I—this warm, living I—would be just nothing and nowhere?"

"Don't get sepulchral, my child; you would know nothing about it; so what would it matter?"

But, even as he spoke, the young man's eyes followed the tall figure of his father, walking a little less alertly than usual, leaning on Bretton's arm; there would come a day when that father, he, himself; this bright sister of his—he put the thought away with a determined effort.

"We made a bad choice to-day," he said lightly; "it's a gloomy place to go to for a pic-nic; a ghost-haunted sort of place."

"I'd rather be a ghost than come to an end altogether," said Jemima thoughtfully; "but even that consolation is denied one, for, of course, there are no such things as ghosts."

"Of course not. All the more reason why we should get what we can out of to-day. Who was the wise person who said, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die'? He was the truest philosopher. Don't get into a habit of moralising, Jemima; let us enjoy ourselves while we can."

But that little cloud of an undefined fear still lingered.

CHAPTER IV.

Peter Bretton left Cappella in a few days, much to Miss Trevyck's satisfaction. Jemima had an uneasy sense of being viewed with disapprobation by this new acquaintance. Not—as she told herself with emphasis—that it mattered in the very least how that personage regarded her; but—all the

same—it was a relief to be out of reach of the quiet disapproving scrutiny of Mr. Peter Bretton's blue eyes. She was sorry to hear that he was to return for Easter, in order to sketch some of the peasants who came in their gala costumes from the mountain villages; but the Trevyck's departure for England was fixed for immediately after the festival, so the infliction would only be a short one.

Mr. Trevyck made more demands on his daughter's time than he had ever done. Boxes of novels—of the same style as those "Daily Cackler" serials—came to Cappella; the invalid's appetite for such mental nutriment seemed inexhaustible; yet there were times when the quick eyes of the reader saw that his thoughts had wandered far away from the tale of improbabilities she was recounting, and noted that the eyes that met her own when she paused, held in them a strange sadness that was fast becoming their habitual expression.

"What are you thinking about, child?" he asked one day, as his daughter closed a book wherein faulty grammar, futile attempts at smartness, and vapid sentiment had been more than usually in evidence.

"I was really wondering, father," replied the girl frankly, "how you could take any interest in this kind of—"

"Trash, eh? My dear, I do not take the very slightest interest in it."

"Then why——?"

Mr. Trevyck laughed. "Why do I inflict the reading of it upon my little girl, eh? No, I know you do not mind spending an hour or two with your old father for the gratification of his whim. But I should be sorry if you thought my intellectual faculties sufficiently impaired to find any enjoyment in the history of such impossible persons as the characters are in those volumes through which you have patiently plodded."

"Couldn't I read histories, or something more real than this? Or poetry? Something that gives one something to think about, father?"

"That is exactly why I prefer listening to those trivial stories that both you and I despise, child. I do not want to think."

Jemima's eyes were wide with astonishment.

"You are surprised at my bad taste, eh? That is because you—like all young things—find pleasure in dreaming. One day—may it be far distant, my little daughter—you, too, will try to find an opiate for thought."

The girl looked at him with a little perplexity.

"But why think of sad things, father?"

"Why? Because—well, I will not tell you why, Jemima. Only remember this—it is foolish—foolish in the extreme, to spend one single instant of this short life of ours—which is all the life we have—bear that fact in mind, no matter what you may be told to the contrary—in pondering over questions for which no answer is to be found."

The girl sat in silence, looking far away across the smiling waters, rose, and blue, and violet, with the snowy foam breaking against the rocks. Her father watched her for a minute, then asked:

"Well? What is the present puzzle?"

"How easily you read one's thoughts, father! I was wondering how one can be sure there is no answer to a question."

"By exercising your reason in the matter. Look around you, and you will see that all things obey one universal law. The tree springs from the seed, grows into maturity, sinks into decay, then dies. So does man. So do the animals around us."

The speaker drew his cloak around him; there was a touch of chill—or so he fancied—in the wind, that bore the scent of orange-blossom and myrtle; that also waved the tall, funereal cypresses standing so clearly against the intense blue of the sky.

"So, little Jemima, make the best of to-day; it is all you have; and—incidentally—make things as pleasant as you can for other people."

"You said just now, father, that all things obey one law. Who made the law?"

"Nobody. It evolved out of the existing conditions of things."

Jemima put that explanation away into a corner of her mind for future thinking out. It was her ignorance, no doubt, that made it seem as wanting in lucidity as were the statements in the volume she had just closed.

They were sitting under the trees that shaded the Grotto. Mr. Trevyck lying back luxuriously in a deck chair; Jemima sitting on a camp-stool, her elbows on her knees, her hat lying on the grass beside her. Her father looked at her approvingly; at the small head with the thick coils of dark hair wound round and round it, in utter disregard of prevailing fashions; at the rich rose-tints that came and went with every passing emotion under the clear brown skin.

"Your mother and I have been talking about you this morning, Jemima," he said presently; "there is something I should like to say to you."

This was unusual. Jemima became alert immediately.

"I should not tell you—what I wish to tell you—if I did not believe you to be a sensible girl, with no silly notions in your head."

The girl flushed with pleasure. Compliments from her father were rare; a compliment of this kind, too, was particularly acceptable.

"You never knew your mother's brother, your uncle, Jack Gorreston, of course. He died when his son—two years older than Leo—was a baby, poor old Jack!"

"Mother has now and then spoken of him to me."

"We—Jack and I—were great chums; a very close friendship there was between us. It was through that friendship that I became acquainted with your mother."

He smiled at the interested face opposite to him, being a little uncertain as to the wisdom of the course he was pursuing, and wondering much how what he was about to say would be received by his hearer.

"Then my cousin, Jack Gorreston, is twenty-seven," observed Jemima; "didn't he come to stay at Trevyck when I was quite little? I remember a boy, quite a big boy, staying there."

"Did he tease you?"

"No. All that I remember about him is:—he fished my doll out of a muddy pool into which I had dropped it; and wiped it clean—or what I thought clean—with his handkerchief."

"He owns all the Gorreston property; he is extremely wealthy. I am told that, young as he is, he makes an excellent landlord."

This might be much to Sir John Gorreston's credit, but it was not particularly interesting to the listener. Jemima looked at her father inquisitively.

"Well, Jack Gorreston and I made a compact—that if we married and had a son and daughter, his son should marry my daughter, or my son should marry his daughter."

There was consternation on the listener's face. Mr. Trevyck—a little nervous, however, as to results—laughed.

"That by no means implies that either of us had the intention of forcing our respective offspring into unwilling matrimony, so don't look alarmed, my dear child. I know, however, that my old chum left a letter to his son—to be given on his coming-of-age—telling him of our pact; the lad lost his mother when he was about fifteen, and has always made his home with his grandmother, the dowager. Your grandmother Gorreston is never happier than when she has a swarm of young people in the house; and Gorreston Hall is a great barrack of a place, much too large for a bachelor. Jack goes there for the shooting; and looks after the place well, but he makes his home with the granny."

Mr. Trevyck was talking to give the girl time to recover herself; also to cover his own uneasiness. He waited for a minute, but she remained silent.

"I should not have told you this, Jemima," he said, furtively watching her anxious face, "if you had not been so soon going to meet your cousin. It would be a great pleasure to me if I could see you well married, and especially if you married the son of my old friend."

"My cousin, John Gorreston, may not like me," observed Jemima, soberly.

"And you may not like him."

"And I need not be married, at any rate, until I am twenty-one, if then, need I?" asked the girl anxiously.

"You need not be married at all, if you prefer to remain in single blessedness," laughed her father. "Cheer up, my dear child. No one is going to compel you to wed. Only remember, that if you like Jack Gorreston, and if Jack Gorreston likes you, a marriage between you would make your old father very happy."

He held out his hands towards her, and Jemima, with an uncomfortable feeling of binding herself irrevocably somehow, put her hands into his, and stooped and kissed him; then went away with a much more sedate step than was at all usual with her.

That she should take her mother's advice on the subject that had just been so startlingly presented to her, never occurred to Jemima. Nobody ever thought of consulting Mrs. Trevyck about anything of a serious nature. To do that lady justice, she was always ready to give advice on any subject, such advice always being as appropriate to the circumstances as was that of the doctor who ordered the sick navvy to drink nothing but dry champagne.

She had been strictly charged by her husband not to allude to the subject of the suggested marriage unless her daughter mentioned it to her. And Jemima kept a profound silence.

A restlessness, born out of his malady, was upon Mr. Trevyck in those days; he grew impatient of his surroundings, and fancied his discontent to arise from the quietude of the place. When Peter Bretton appeared a week before Easter, he found the family preparing to take flight until the festival was over to Monte Carlo.

"It will be like an oven; and there will not be a decent person in the place!" grumbled Mrs. Trevyck; "and—as Jemima cannot possibly go about alone there as she does here—I shall have to engage an Italian maid for her. I cannot possibly spare Larkins."

Bretton—to whom, for want of another auditor, these confidences were made—showed appropriate sympathy.

"Come and spend at least a couple of days with us, Bretton," said Mr. Trevyck, who had taken a great liking to him. "Then we can come back here together for a day or two before we leave for England."

"And why we should have to put up with the society of that man everlasting, is more than I can understand," grumbled Jemima to Leo, when the two were alone together after this interview.

"Don't be bearish. If you don't know a good fellow when you see him, other people have more discernment," retorted her brother majestically.

Easter Day came; it brought to millions, thank God for it! a joyful recognition of the fact of that glorious Resurrection of the Divine Redeemer long centuries ago; of His ever-living Presence in His Church. To Mrs. Trevyck it brought vexation with Larkins, because that functionary insisted upon being allowed to absent herself for a couple of hours for

church-going purposes, remarking when expostulated with by her mistress that, if she didn't go to church Christmas and Easter, she shouldn't feel she was a Christian.

To Mr. Trevyck it brought a weary impatience, a sense of irritation against beliefs, that, all foundationless and absurd as they were in his opinion, yet managed to convey hope and comfort in trying times to those who accepted them. To his son and daughter Easter conveyed no meaning whatever, except that of being a picturesque survival of pagan customs of some sort or other.

It was Easter Day. Jemima deposited her Italian maid under a tree in the gardens on the rock at Monaco, giving her injunctions to stay there until she returned. She saw her produce a prayer-book and rosary, with the evident intention of employing the time of waiting devotionally. Then—having got rid of what she felt to be an incubus—Jemima strolled away through the gardens.

She stopped presently, just below the great church, and sat down on a bench facing the sea. Ten minutes' walk away, at the end of the other curve of the bay, lay little Monte Carlo, all spick and span, basking in the sunshine. Jemima liked Monaco, with its dark old churches, its cobbled passages, its convents and schools all clustering in friendly-wise together so closely on the great rock; liked it much better than she did its gay little neighbour over the way.

The sun was intensely hot; Jemima got up and looked round. Above her she saw people going into the great church. The open doorway looked cool and inviting. Jemima climbed the steps and entered.

Service of some sort—she did not understand what—was going on. Not a seat was vacant in the great place. A friendly official appeared at her shoulder; and—a good deal to her amusement—she found herself provided with a chair just outside the altar rail.

People knelt in hushed silence, broken only by the tinkle of a bell, but Jemima sat still throughout the service. She could not have known less about what was going on if she had been a savage from the wilds of Central Africa. It was of no use rising and kneeling simply because other people rose or knelt; so she said to herself, being one of those persons who hate shams, especially in matters of religion.

And presently a procession formed in the great space before the altar; the sanctuary gates were thrown open. A great ecclesiastic, in all the splendour of apparel befitting his dignity, came down the steps, and the congregation surged towards him like an inrushing sea. He was a stately, handsome man, with a fatherly kindness in his face—he died three or four years ago, for this is a true story, and Jemima was among the many who mourned his loss. The girl noted his hand raised in blessing, as, greatly impeded by the crowds who knelt to kiss his ring, he moved slowly towards the sacristy. She understood the sign; it was an invocation of some sort. The wishing of some good to those about him.

With a sudden, unaccountable impulse Jemima hurried forward; the people were all on the right-hand side of the procession; she was on the left. She reached the stately figure, but it was turned away from her towards the kneeling, excitable throng. To this day she does not know why she wanted that blessing, but in desperation, as she saw the prelate about to pass into the sacristy she exclaimed:

"Oh, please!—Monseigneur!"

And the great ecclesiastic turned to the girl, who sank on one knee and kissed the extended hand, and he blessed her.*

Jemima felt a strange elation at the thought of that episode as she went Monte Carlo-wards, with sedate Rosalie in attendance; but she said nothing about it, being absolutely unable to understand the impulse that had prompted her most unaccountable action.

(To be continued.)

* We think we are at liberty to state, now that Miss Curtis is gone to her reward, and it may interest readers to know, that the strange incident here narrated as happening to the heroine of the story in the church of Monaco, is a little bit of the personal history of the authoress, being an experience of her own, as she told us, in her Protestant days. This need not mean, of course, that there is otherwise anything in common between the history of the authoress and that of her heroine.—Ed. THE CROSS.

A Memory of Mean Streets.

(*Exposition in a London Slum in War-Time.*)

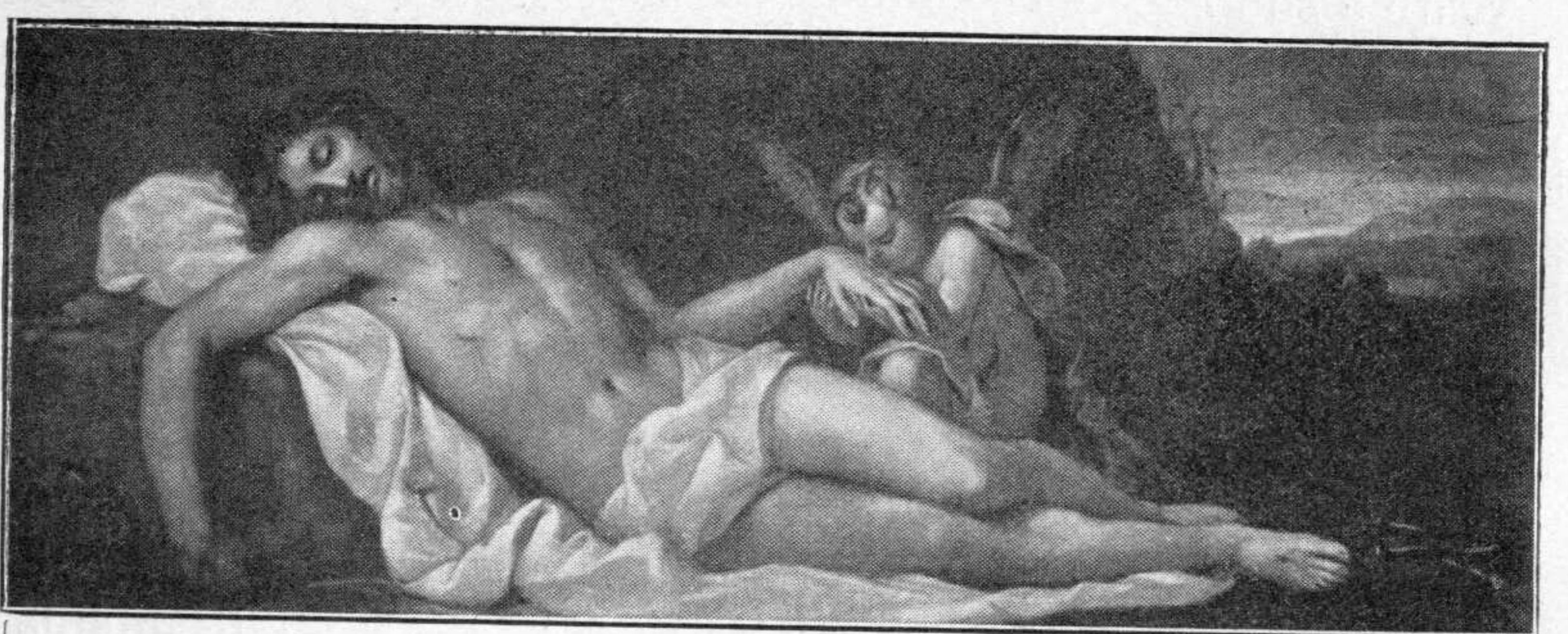
Without—the clamorous tumult of the street,

Hoarse rumours of fierce strife, the while there rise
From reeking alleys, wailing children's cries,
Mixt with the rhythmic tramp of hooves that beat
O'er noiseful roads where men toil for the meat
That perishes, and slow the tired day dies;
Yet aching hearts and weary limbs nowise
Find for their solace aught of comfort sweet.

Within—the hushed, lit sanctuary glows

With starry radiance, and spring blossoms shed
Their fragrance, where in veiled, majestic state,
The very Heart of Love pulsates for those
Who reck not of Its Presence, but instead
Seek vainly for their Peace, disconsolate.

M. A. V.



The Highway of the Cross.

I.—THE CENACLE.

THE population of Jerusalem when Our Lord lived was about a hundred thousand, but the records of the Roman officials, then in full civil control of Judea and Samaria, show that at the festival of the Pasch about two millions of strangers flocked to the city. They came from all parts of the known world, speaking all tongues, some children of Abraham, some Gentile converts to the Monotheism of Moses, but all turning to Jerusalem as the holy city of God, to the ceremonial of its temple as the one liturgical worship of the true God, and to the Pasch, as the memory of the days when His omnipotence was stretched out, and His predilection manifested for Israel. At the Pasch which was to witness the crucifixion of Our Lord the concourse was probably above the average, for the air was full of expectancy of the Messias, and many would come from neighbouring provinces to see Jesus of Nazareth, who had claimed to be, and by many miracles was proving Himself to be, the Messias. As Jerusalem was a city of hills and was girt by fortified walls and towers, a vast concourse was necessarily a crowded one: hence the Roman garrison at the fortress Antonia—which touched the northern precincts of the Temple—was usually strengthened at the festival, and was always on the alert to suppress any disturbance.

For a year the priests, and scribes, and doctors of the law had been seeking to compass the death of Our Lord, when the raising of Lazarus from the dead, with the excitement it caused among the people, and "all the world going after Him," drove them to the attempt. Nevertheless Our Lord, some days before the Pasch, had come up from the desert of Ephraim beyond the Jordan, to Bethany, two miles on the

east of the city. On the Sunday was the striking welcome given Him by the populace. On Monday and Tuesday He again came to Jerusalem and preached in the portico—or exterior corridor—of the Temple. On Wednesday, as His enemies were deliberating, fearing to proceed against Him, "lest there should be a tumult among the people," Judas came with his offer of betrayal, and they determined to strike at once. The next day, Thursday, being the 14th day of the moon, or month, Nisan (the month nearest the spring equinox) was the first day of the Azymes, or unleavened bread, at whose evening the great festival would commence.

On this morning, according to the narrative of the Talmud, a priest at each of the four hundred and more synagogues of Jerusalem proclaimed to the crowd summoned by trumpet-call of a levite, that Jesus of Nazareth, seducer and false prophet, was "separated from the people in life and in death": this was outlawry and placed His life at any man's mercy. In alarm the Apostles asked Him that same morning at Bethany where He would in the evening eat the Pasch with them. In reply, ignoring Judas, whose duty it would have been, He sent Peter and John into the city. As they entered they would meet a man carrying a jar of water (the gate was near the pool of Siloe); they were to follow him to his master's house and tell him to prepare his guest chamber for Jesus of Nazareth and his friends. Who the master of the house was we do not know. A pilgrim of the 6th century named Theodosius states that it was the property of Mary, mother of St. Mark the Evangelist. In any case it belonged to a friend and disciple of Our Lord. Hallowed by the deeds and words and Divine Gift that have made this night for ever memorable; as the first guardian of the crown of thorns, and nails and spear; by the appearance of Our Lord to the ten Apostles on the evening of the Resurrection, and again, a week after, to the eleven; by the descent of the Holy Ghost on the morning of Pentecost, and by the dwelling there and death of Our Blessed Lady, it was so marked by loving veneration that its site has remained, through all the ages, a matter of certainty, and even its dimensions have been handed down by those who saw in the early centuries the church raised on its ruin. It was situated on the southern slope of Mount Sion, a little below the palace of the high priest, and near the city wall. Its dimensions were fifty feet by thirty; its direction east and west. It had a ground floor divided into apartments for the convenience of the family, and an upper story undivided and forming one large room for the entertainment of guests. This was reached by stone steps outside the southern wall.

It is, then, nightfall. There is a spacious oblong room with white walls, a single door and some apertures for light and air covered with trellis-work. At the east end a large table of coloured woodwork, slightly raised above the floor. Round the table on three sides are cushions on which the guests

recline, leaning on the left elbow with their right hand free to reach the food. On the table are all things required for the Paschal supper: the lamb, baked, with bones unbroken, and stretched out with the fore-feet extended on two branches of pomegranate; the thin cakes of unleavened bread, the bitter herbs, cresses and parsley; a dish of apples, figs and citrons cooked in vinegar; a cup and vessels of wine and water; also near the table water and towels to purify the hands at the commencement of the repast.

Our Lord is in the centre; on His right is St. John, so that by slightly turning his head he can rest it on the shoulder or bosom of his Master; and near St. John is St. Peter, so near that they can speak to each other, unheard of the rest.

The cup of wine and water blessed by Our Lord is passed round, and they purify their hands. Then, to their astonishment, and over-riding the remonstrance of Peter, Our Lord rises and, putting aside His mantle and girding Himself with a towel over His white tunic, washes their feet, an office that, according to Oriental civility, would have been already performed by the servants of the house: but here it was the lesson of the royal road of humility. The first part of the Hallel—*i.e.*, the psalms of praise and gladness—is sung. As the ceremonial supper, made long and elaborate after the Babylonian captivity, continues, it is interspersed with a long discourse, so many things of the Kingdom of Heaven to say at leaving them. With what sadness of heart, and yet with what serene countenance and grace of mien holding their hearts as never before!

It is near the end of the meal, and now the old must pass to the new, and the shadow yield to the substance. Whilst they are still eating Our Lord takes one of the Azymene loaves and, raising His eyes to heaven and giving thanks to His Father, blesses it and breaks it on a dish. He utters the consecrating words, distributes the Divine Gift, and confers the sacerdotal powers. When they also do this in memory of Him, in order that the memory may be complete, He takes in His hands the cup of wine and water, at the moment of its third passing round, called the “cup of benediction,” and again Omnipotence and Love work the same mysteries as with the bread, and give the same command. Then He speaks of a traitor at the table, and in the ensuing conversation Peter begs John to ask who it is, and John asks Jesus, who gives him a sign by which he knows. A few moments later Judas hurriedly rises and abruptly leaves the room. When he is gone Our Lord commences a loving and familiar discourse with the faithful eleven. He is about to leave them; they are neither to fear nor be troubled; Peter is forewarned of his fall, and prayed for that his faith should never fail; His kingdom is at hand in which the greatest shall be least, and the least greatest, and for them thrones where, seated with Him, they should judge the twelve tribes of Israel. How slow they are to catch His meaning! Thomas says that

they do not know where He is going, and how can they know the way! After a while Philip asks Him to show them the Father, seemly expecting that some brightness of divine majesty shall fill the room. His own cousin, Jude, asks why He will show Himself to them and not to the whole world! How patiently He answers, lifting the thoughts of which these questions were born into a higher world. His last words promise them the Comforter, and leave them His peace.

He warns them, “The prince of this world cometh. Arise, let us go.” They show Him the two swords they had brought with them in case any violence were offered Him, and which He gently puts aside. Then having sung the second half of the Hallel, they prepare to leave the room.

Our Lord knew that Judas was even then making preparations with the authorities of the Temple for His arrest. Some think that the traitor had hoped when he abruptly left the Cenacle to accomplish it there. But all things were in Our Lord’s power: it should be when and where He listed. He had come into Jerusalem, and had celebrated the Pasch in a house close to the palace of Caiphas, thus changing the rite of the old law into the more gracious mysteries of the new, almost under the eyes of the priests. As He descended the stone steps from the upper room we may well think that He stopped and paused for a moment to gaze at the palace of the high priest close by on the rising hill of Sion and now clearly outlined in the bright light of the full moon. How silent the deep night! how quiet the city, once of God, now fallen from Him, overcrowded and instinct with passion, yet for the while at rest, like some beast slumbering but that at any moment might awake! Then He turned to go. Avoiding the direct road to Gethsemani, which lay through a crowded part of the town, He passed through a southern gate into the deep and narrow gorge of Kedron and took the road northward, having the city wall on His left hand and the brook and hill of Olives on His right. There He and His little company would soon be lost in shadows darker by contrast with the brightness on city and hill and tree, but to Him darker still as the prelude to agony and death.

PLACID WAREING, C.P.

If Russia goes to Constantinople.

SEVERAL impartial writers are convinced that Germany will lose this war, but the author of *Can Germany Win?* whilst answering in the negative, believes that England will pay a bigger price for her victory than she suspects. Russia will undoubtedly claim Constantinople, may even do so before the war is ended, and what power is now strong enough to prevent her from going there?

Those who are acquainted with Russian history know that her ambition to possess Constantinople dates back to Peter the Great's time. In 1711 he crossed the Dniester bent on its conquest, but was thoroughly repulsed by the Turks on the banks of the Pruth. Catherine II, too, had hopes of conquering it. After the defeat of Osman Pasha at Plevna in 1877, General Stroukof and his cossacks marched towards Constantinople and established themselves at Tchorlo, before the Tchataldga lines. Part of the English fleet was in the Sea of Marmora, and the Russians did not dare to remain near the coveted city. "England," writes the Comte de Landemont in *L'Elan d'un Peuple*, "would not subscribe at any price to the dismemberment of the Turkish Empire" (p. 66). But what power can now dictate to the Russian Government? And when it is in possession of Constantinople and the Dardanelles, what a menace to East and West!

Our concern is: What will Russia's attitude be towards Catholicism in the Balkans when this becomes an accomplished fact? Ruling in Constantinople she can more than regain the authority over those States which she had acquired by the Treaty of San-Stefano¹ and lost by that of Berlin.

Catholics in the Orthodox (or Schismatical) kingdoms of Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece, Serbia and Montenegro enjoy liberty of conscience, and their priests possess more freedom of action than here at home. Rumania gives an annual grant to the Catholic Archbishop of Bucharest; so, too, does the Bulgarian Government to the Vicar Apostolic of Sophia and Philippopolis. The concordat signed last June between Rome and Serbia astonished the world by its liberal terms to the Catholic Church in that realm. King Nicholas of Montenegro, staunch Orthodox though he is, decreed that the

¹ "It was at San-Stephano that on March 3, 1778, Ignatief forced the Sultan to become a party to a treaty which made the Balkan peninsula vassal of the Russian Empire."—*Histoire de la Bulgarie*, par R. P. Songeon, p. 422.

Catholic Archbishop of Antivari should have a seat *ex officio* in the Montenegrin National Assembly. The highest offices in the Balkan States are open to Catholics. Two out of the five kingdoms are ruled by sovereigns who owe allegiance to Rome.² The Bulgarian Plenipotentiary in Paris, M. Stancheff, is a Catholic. So was the Serbian, General Franassovitch, who died last July. He had held the portfolios of Minister of War and of Foreign Affairs. A Catholic priest, Dr. Fischer, is a professor in the University of Bucharest. Our schools are frequented by thousands of Orthodox children; our nuns minister in some of the Government hospitals. But when Russia is in the ascendant in the Balkans, can we hope that this happy state of things will continue? From the spirit of persecution with which she pursues her own Catholic subjects we may gauge what her attitude will be towards the members of the true faith in those countries.

Russia in Constantinople will probably mean the suppression of the Greek Patriarchate, or its mere reduction to the administration of the Sacraments and the preaching of the Word of God. Peter the Great abolished the Patriarchate of Moscow, which had been established by the agreement of the four Patriarchs of the Eastern Church, and set up the Holy Synod in its place. Nicolas Polevys tells us in his *History of Peter the Great* (Vol. iv., p. 212), that when some of the Russian Bishops dared to ask the Emperor if the patriarchal dignity had been suppressed, Peter angrily answered them: "Ya vash Patriarkh" ("I am your Patriarch"). What has been done before can be done again. "The Emperor, as Christian sovereign," runs the 42nd article of the Russian catechism, "is the supreme defender and protector of the dogmas of the Orthodox faith, the guardian of Orthodoxy and of all good order in the Holy Church." "The Tzar," teaches the Archbishop Platon in his famous *Pravoslavie Ychenie*, which first appeared in 1765, "has nobody on earth higher than himself, and is not subject to any human laws." If so, who or what can prevent him, through his Holy Synod, from imitating his predecessor Peter, and setting aside the sickly Patriarchate of Constantinople?

Russia's bearing towards the Slavs in the Balkans has been that of a step-father rather than of an elder brother. "In 1814, Cattaro was actually made over to the Montenegrins, and that by the English, in return for their assistance in dislodging its French garrison. But Russia quickly forced them to resign it, and then transferred it to Austria."³ And the war

² *L'Echo de Paris* of April 15 states that the Holy See has removed the excommunication which was pronounced by Leo XIII against King Ferdinand of Bulgaria when he permitted his son and heir, Prince Boris, to be received into the Bulgarian Orthodox Church.

³ *The Slavonic Provinces of Turkey-in-Europe*, p. 554.

of 1877 against Turkey was fought by her with the ulterior view of subjecting the Balkan States to the vassalage of the Tzar. The terms of the Treaty of San-Stefano clearly demonstrate this. Alexander von Battenberg paid dearly for his attempt to frustrate Russian rule in Bulgaria. King Ferdinand, as long as his famous minister, Stamboulof, lived, defied her, but has had finally to bow down before her. The apostacy of his elder son and heir was the wish of the Emperor Nicholas II and the Holy Synod. This rôle of *pastrok* or step-father was played, too, in 1860 when the bulk of the Bulgarians wished to join the Catholic Church. One hundred and twenty of their deputies, headed by the Orthodox monk, Joseph Sokolski, the Archimandrite Macarius of Koprivehtitsa, Dragan Tzankof and Dr. George Mirkovitch, placed in the hands of Mgr. Brunoni, the Apostolic Delegate in Constantinople, the compact of union with Rome signed by 2,000 of their compatriots. Joseph Sokolski was consecrated Bishop by Pius IX himself in the Sistine Chapel. Russia waited the new bishop's return from Rome to Constantinople, and in the month of June, 1861, by order of Prince Lebanof, Russian Ambassador to the Sublime Porte, he was kidnapped and carried off a prisoner to Russia. The Muscovite Government protested when Stamboulof had article 38 of the Bulgarian Constitution changed in order that Ferdinand's future heirs might profess the Catholic Faith. At Russia's wish, the act has been repealed.

We know what her attitude is at present towards Catholics in Galicia. The Archbishop of Lemberg has been made a prisoner. The *Tijd* of Holland reports that two Jesuits were shot in Lemberg, and another member of the same Order was beaten to death. According to another Dutch daily, *De Gelderlander*, two hundred-and-fifty Galician Uniat Catholics were given the option of embracing the Russian Church or of death. They preferred the latter. A correspondent, quoted in *America* of the 14th April, writes that the Russians have brought desolation, ruin and misery to Galicia. Things have taken place there which have no parallel in Belgium. This statement has been confirmed by private information supplied by Galician clergy.

Nicholas II has shown himself kindly intentioned to his Catholic subjects, but unfortunately it is the Holy Synod that has the last word in questions relating to religion. To quote from *The Catholic Encyclopaedia* (vol. xiii., p. 259): "After the war with Japan, and in consequence of internal political troubles, Nicholas II promulgated the constitution in 1905, and published the edict of religious toleration. Two years of liberty were sufficient to reveal the great vitality of Catholicism in Russia, for the number of conversions to the Catholic faith, in so short a lapse of time, amounted to 500,000, including over 300,000 Uniat Catholics whom the Russian Government had compelled to declare themselves Orthodox; 100,000 of these, known in Russian as *Obstinates*, had not received the sacraments for more than thirty years, during

which time they frequented no church, in order not to be reckoned among the Orthodox. The Catholic clergy developed the greatest activity in social and educational work, in the press, and in the awakening of Christian piety; and the reactionary party of the Orthodox Church, centred in the Synod, cried out against the danger, and called for new laws to protect Orthodoxy against the assaults of militant Catholicism. These protests and lamentations were heard; the laws relating to liberty of conscience were submitted to revision, abolished, or modified; the Government refused to recognize as legitimate the conversions to Catholicism of the former Uniat Catholics; the priests who baptized children of mixed marriages were punished with fines and imprisonment; the parochial schools were closed; the confraternities of the Catholic social organizations were dissolved, and the former severity against the Catholic press was resumed. The Government directed its action especially against the re-establishment of the United Church in Russia, and in 1911 closed two Russo-Catholic chapels that had been erected in St. Petersburg and Moscow. Denunciations against a zealous Jesuit, Father Werczynski, who had established himself in Moscow in 1903, and had converted a thousand Russians to Catholicism, furnished the Government with pretexts for renewed severity: Father Werczynski was exiled; the suffragan Bishop of Mohileff, Mgr. Denisewicz, was deposed (1911) without the previous consent of the Holy See, and was deprived of his stipend; and another most zealous prelate, Baron von Ropp, Bishop of Vilna, was obliged to resign his see."

From the treatment which she metes out to Catholics in her own Empire, we may conjecture what measure of suffering is in store for our co-religionists in the Balkans if Russia goes to Constantinople.

Oswald Donnelly, C.P.



Intercession.

(At an Altar of the Sacred Heart.)

I.

With hand that shows the Breast aflame with pity,
Here, in His shrine, He stands, for all to see.
(As, in the street of the Celestial City
There stands the ever-living healing tree.)
O Sacred Heart! that, long since, drew us near Thee,
In Whom we found the guerdon of our quest,
Receive the thanks of those who, whene'er weary,
Can turn to Thee for rest!

II.

But some, even now, with adverse tides are fighting,
Or wander, dazed, as on a waste of snow.
No pilot-star, no kindly shelter sighting,
Like scattered leaves towards their doom they go!
O yearning Heart! that wouldest have all men near Thee—
The Host and Friend of every storm-tost guest!—
Receive our prayers for those who, blind and weary,
Know not the way to rest!

III.

And those who know—and scorn!—the peace of Heaven,
Who, tearless, pauseless, feast from sun to sun
On gains for which the soul was blithely given,
Or joys that by the devil's aid were won—
O kingly Heart! Shall these be never near Thee?
Despite all prayer shall they remain unblest—
The sin-crazed souls that are so very weary
They spurn the thought of rest?

IV.

The shrine is dim; light after light is waning;
The pictured panes withdraw themselves from sight.
Yet still we kneel, new hope and courage gaining,
Within the Presence that itself is light.
O Sacred Heart! In this last hour, too near Thee
We seem, to urge a plea, or make contest.
Enough to know thy Love can never weary,
And on that love to rest!

G. M. HORT.

His Last Lesson.

THE school is old, ivy-clad, and small. A narrow hedge-bordered boreen leads to it from the highway, and cuts it off from the vulgar gaze of the passers-by, who might, perhaps, if it were nearer to them, be inclined to sneer at its antique appearance and its dimensions.

The teacher is like the place itself—dreamy and quiet and old-fashioned, with a constant prayer of thanksgiving in his heart that he is away from all the world, its bluster, its battles, and its noise. He has been teaching in the school for over forty years, and he loves it as if all the golden memories of his life were shrined within its walls. Who knows but that many of them are? Has he not found solace for all his ills and troubles of heart and mind in the work of training the young intellects committed to his care? And has he not learned that such work has been the healing balsam for many a wound of the world during those forty peaceful years?

Only partially, however, has it healed one sore which he has borne, unknown to the world, since just a year previous to the time he came to the Glen, a stranger, to take up the position of teacher in the little school at the end of the boreen. That sore is with him still, and it will go with him into the grave. It is only a memory—a memory of a brief, bright holiday in a valley between two kingly mountains, where the billows of the Atlantic come thundering in against the high, dark cliffs of the West.

There wasn't at that time in all Ireland a brighter, gayer spirit than Fergus Moore, the young teacher of a flourishing school in the midlands. He was first in the dance and first in the weight-throwing and first in the hurling; he could charm an audience into silence (and into tears sometimes) with his sympathetic singing of the old ballads of the Gael; and a moment after he could set them all laughing with his ready but never hurtful wit, which flowed to his tongue and from it like a silver stream sparkling in the summer sunshine.

His friend and fellow-teacher, Brian Martin, thought it would be a blessed stroke of luck to have Fergus spend the summer vacation in the western valley, which, to Brian's mind, was the most beautiful spot in all the world. Fergus, too, thought it would be a fine thing to go there. He had always loved the mountains and the sea, because the sight of them blotted out the sneering, brazen face of the everyday world, and brought him near to the Land of Eternal Youth.

He went, and that summer month was a dream. But there was a sad awakening when he found that he loved with all the warm ardour of his heart gentle Roisin Martin, Brian's sweet-voiced sister; and found, too, that her love could never come to him. She told him the truth, sincerely and gently: she

would hold him in her memory always as one of her dearest friends, and be proud of his friendship; but love she could not give him. That was all.

The love he had given her, and her words—oh, so kindly and tenderly spoken!—sweetened his whole life afterwards, even while they saddened it; and after a time the memory of that brief, bright dream became so precious and so sweet that he would not part with it for all the glory and fame and riches he heard men speak of so yearningly in the world through the mazes of which he moved.

He had married in after years, had been the best and kindest of husbands, had made happy the little woman who loved him, until it was God's will to take her from him; he had done well by his two sons, and had fitted them out for battle with the world. And people never knew that all the time one sweet memory was the guiding star of his life, nor that the love of his heart had only once been wholly and truly given away—to the gentle, saintlike girl in that mountain-guarded valley of the West.

He had left his school in the midlands—he wanted to sever all the ties of his past life save one—and had come to this poor little school in an Ulster glen, where all through the years he has watched children come in as tiny babblers, and grow up sturdy boys and comely girls, who go away into the world, and come back now and then to see the Glen and the school, and the teacher who has endeared himself to them for all time. The work has never wearied him; but this evening he feels strangely tired, and strangely fond of the old school and the boreen; and does not wish to leave them for the less peaceful surroundings of the farm-house down the road, where he has lodged of late years—ever since the boys went away.

The pupils departed hours ago, and the school is as silent as the grave, save for the solemn ticktack of the old clock on the wall over the fireplace. How different the room is now from what it has been all day, with its babel of voices, and the never-ending singsong sound of the younger children's monotonous chorus as they went through their simple lessons! One might imagine now, in looking at the gathering shadows on the wall, and feeling the serenity and peace that are suggestive of some old-time cloister aisle—one might imagine that no childish prattle had ever disturbed even for a moment the calm of this old school, but that it had been set apart by some kingly dreamer of a far-off day for the sole use of dreamers of the future, who might wish to come and sit here in the shadows and commune with the spirits of their dreams.

Fergus sits in the armchair beside his little desk, and rests his right elbow on the latter, letting his head lean against his hand, while he watches the shadows deepen and grow wider and wider on the floor of the school, and on the wall, where they fashion strange, eerie figures and faces among the time-scarred maps.

It seems as if all the past wants to come before his mind's eye this evening; as if all the faces he has ever known want to crowd around him and be recognized. Friends of his boyhood smile into his dim eyes, and speak of pranks played, and deeds of daring done, and dreams dreamed in the golden years of long ago. Pupils whom he has taught and loved come shyly beside him, and look up into his face, and tell him scores of wonderful stories about themselves and home and "daddy" and "mammy" and of "the new baby." He sees them again, grown strong and tall, like trees that spring up unnoticed, until they, of themselves, command attention. He sees them working in the field at home, or away in the towns and cities of their own land, or pining for a glimpse of the familiar scenes around the school in the boreen, while they toil and moil as exiles in a strange land beyond the sea.

His dead wife—true and loving and helpful as ever—comes to him with a cheering smile, and asks him if he is tired this evening after the labours of the day. And his brave, manly boys stand close beside him, one after the other, and speak a few broken words of farewell before they go away into the noisy world, from which all his life he has shrunk, and leave him to finish out his days all alone in the peaceful, dreamy Glen.

One by one, and then altogether, they come to him—there in the silence of the school; while the shadows deepen around him, and the voices of the toilers are heard no longer in the fields.

The faces fade away. The school is all in shadow now. The sun has long since set. The stars have come out in the firmament, and a bright moon has begun to smile down from a cloudless sky upon the sombre Glen.

Fergus Moore sees only one picture now; a valley set between two noble hills—a valley worthy of a poet's song, worthy of a painter's admiration; a smooth wide bay, turned to gold by the lingering rays of the sun, that hold it in one last sweet embrace ere they are drawn away beyond the blue rim of the distant horizon; a strange, mysterious, dreamlike beauty everywhere—a beauty which calls forth the highest and noblest impulses of the hearts of a group of young people climbing the heathery side of the mountain nearest to the setting sun. Brian Martin and he are in the group, saying sadly to the others that this is the last climb before the parting; that to-morrow they must turn their backs upon the valley and face the cold world again. He feels a pang at his heart, and the air is so oppressive that it almost chokes him. He sees Roisin Martin's beautiful eyes raised smilingly yet sadly to his own, and feels the soft touch of her hand as she gives him the spray of white heather he has asked for, and which she has worn all the evening.

"White Rose of my heart!" Fergus murmurs, with a smile; and a great peace comes into all his being—a peace the like of which he has never known until now.

Hours later. Footsteps in the boreen. Voices speaking hurriedly and low. The latch is lifted, the door pushed gently open. They come towards him—a man and a woman from the farm-house—with anxiety and fear on their kindly faces. They call his name, but still he does not seem to hear. They shake him gently, they look into his calm face, with the happy smile still upon it—and then they know!

Fergus Moore has taught his last lesson, and has gone to meet his love in the land where dreaming is no more, and vivid living is eternal.

BRIAN O'HIGGINS.

Battlefield Sketches.*

III.—OUR LAST SORTIE FROM THE ANTWERP ENCEINTE.

ON Friday, September 25th, my battalion had orders to proceed to Kapel-op-den-Bosch. A long and fatiguing march it was under a leaden sky: and the sights we saw on the way were scarcely of a nature to cheer our drooping spirits. At Breendonck, for instance, every house in the village was a heap of ruins, and at Kapel-op-den-Bosch all except three were burnt to the ground. I went off to inspect the church, and it, too, had been destroyed by fire. The walls alone were still standing, but the interior—here was indeed "the abomination of desolation standing in the holy place." The fine pillars of the nave lay prone under the wreckage of roof and ceiling: but of altar or shrine not a trace. The state of the sacristy was of a piece with the church: the safe had been forced open, and of the presses for vestments and altar linen nothing remained but ashes. Here and there a shred of charred gold-lace told of some ruined ornament: all else had vanished in the flames or in the hands of the marauder. Only, above the door-way, stood a little statue of the Blessed Virgin, still intact, and as it smiled down on me it seemed to whisper a hope of better days.

I passed the night at the presbytery, which had been spared because it served as the German staff headquarters at the time of the burning. But furniture, contents of cupboards and presses, kitchen utensils, all were tossed pell-mell about the floors. Early next morning I went to Raemsdonck to say Mass. This village, though quite close to the other, had not even been touched, and life jogged on there much as

* See THE CROSS, April, pages 464 to 472, for the first instalment of these sketches by a Belgian Passionist, who has been serving as chaplain in the Belgian army since the outbreak of the war.

usual. Along the road I noticed the grave of one of our soldiers: it was covered with flowers and little bits of marble taken from the ruined houses. The villagers told me that the brave fellow had been first buried by the Germans, but in a shallow grave merely scratched in the soil: they themselves had afterwards given him a more decent burial. I recited a *De Profundis*, as I passed, for the repose of his soul.

Our battalion spent the morning at Kapel-op-den-Bosch. I passed the time in visiting the remains of the ruined houses: everywhere one turned the same mournful spectacle met the eye—the whole place was a burnt and blackened wreck. Meanwhile the soldiers were searching for the fire-grenades used by the enemy in setting the houses ablaze. These are much like common blacking boxes but somewhat larger. They contain a sort of greasy stuff and are provided with three little fuses, which, a few moments after being lighted, explode the charge and scatter broadcast the combustible matter within.

In the early afternoon we received orders to advance and take up a position quite close to the enemy's lines. A battle had been fought here a fortnight before: and in the shelter of a house we saw a row of graves containing the remains of nineteen Germans, officers and non-commissioned officers. The spot was marked by three wooden crosses on which were graven the names of those buried beneath. In a potato field close at hand I found the papers and uniform, both saturated with blood, of a German soldier: his name was Paul Otto, a cabinet-maker of Berlin.

That night I spent with the doctor in a barn: we had straw in abundance, but that was all. The weather was cold and bright: through a ragged hole in the roof, left by a broken tile, I watched, as I lay, the glitter of the peaceful stars. I should have slept well enough, indeed, but for the constant scurrying of the rats and mice around me: as things were, I had to acknowledge by half-past four a.m. that they had the best of it. So I yielded possession to them and went off to Raemsdonck to visit Father de Groote, S.J. He is chaplain of the first battalion, and I wanted to make arrangements with him so that all our men should have Mass on this Sunday morning.

As the men of the first battalion were busy constructing defence works near the railway line, Father de Groote said his Mass on the top of the embankment. The houses and fields of the flat country spread around us far below, and above the battlefield was lifted the Saving Victim of Love and Peace. That Mass had something more than usually solemn about it. Not a quarter of an hour's walk distant the guns were spitting death ceaselessly. But we heeded them little, for custom makes one callous. Had I known, indeed, that my own brave boys were under fire at that moment, I should hardly have been so tranquil.

Directly the Mass was over I hurried back to my battalion,

thinking to give them the consolation of assisting at the holy mysteries. But I soon saw that Mass was not to be dreamt of: a battle had been raging almost since dawn. Under cover of night the Germans had advanced their guns to within four hundred metres (a quarter of a mile) of our outposts. No one knew how they had managed to do this, for nothing out of the way had been seen or heard by the sentries. From a very early hour those guns began a close and continuous fire on our positions, and our outposts were obliged to retire. Many of our gallant fellows fell in the engagement: one of ours saw four killed by his side. Provisions and baggage had to be abandoned. When I reached Kapel-op-den-Bosch, the removal of the wounded had already begun. I entered a house where some of them had been laid. The doctor had just extracted a bullet from a man's leg. The blood-stained metal passed from hand to hand and finally was given to the wounded man himself as a keep-sake. After having done my priestly duties to the wounded I hastened to my battalion, which was in order of battle on the slope of the railway embankment—part of it above in the trenches, and part lower down in reserve. I resolved to remain with them, and so passed the rest of the day there in company with the major and the doctors. Our major was in charge of a sector of the battlefield, receiving the orders here concerning his command and transmitting them to the various positions. So I had an excellent opportunity of following the action. Our position was very strong by reason of the height of the embankment. The Germans had already tried once to take it by assault, but had been driven back with considerable loss. Wiser by experience, they tried to attack us on our left flank which rested on the canal of Willebroeck. Suddenly our guns began to boom out, making a tremendous uproar. A courier is sent to find out the reason of this, and returns with the news that the Germans are making an attempt to cross the canal in boats and it has been found necessary to cure them of this desire. A moment later a soldier arrives with the message that the range of our guns is too short and likely to endanger the lives of our own men: the message is immediately transmitted to the commander of artillery. So the action proceeds, directed and guided with perfect coolness and order.

Just then the battle had developed into an artillery duel. Our guns were posted not far behind us, and the fort of Breendonck was taking an active part in the engagement. Not an instant but shells from the batteries of friend and enemy were hurling impartially above our heads, but without any danger of reaching us in that spot. When a shell did fall we lay flat on the ground for a moment, only to rise when the danger had passed and resume our interrupted conversation. On our right flank the engagement was particularly hot, the enemy endeavouring to take the houses in our possession one by one but with no success.

After a while curiosity got the better of us—some officers

and myself—and we mounted the embankment so as to get a view of the battlefield. We took cover behind the parapet of the viaduct. From that vantage point we saw our shells falling into the houses occupied by the enemy, and by the aid of a field glass I could see distinctly the Germans in full flight along the ditches and cuttings. This sight gave immense pleasure to the major: "Now," he said, with a grim smile, "we see how the Germans can use their legs!" A moment later a shell exploded quite near us. Had the enemy observed our presence? We did not puzzle long over that question: in a twinkling we were down the embankment again, safe under cover.

At all events we had distinctly seen the Germans in retreat. Moreover, shortly afterwards an order came to send a patrol to find out where they had taken up their position. The major details part of a company for this duty: we wish the men success and a safe return, but the unquiet look in their eyes tells well enough what they think themselves. I mounted the embankment once more and watched them disappear quietly in the direction of the suspected quarter. Forward they ran, their bodies bowed low, and then laid themselves flat on the ground: then another run and another prostration; and so on alternately, the lieutenant directing their movements by means of a little whistle. When we had lost sight of our little reconnoitring party, two doctors and I set out to attend to some wounded men whom there had been no chance of assisting sooner owing to the enemy's fire. We walked cautiously in the ditch along the road, leaving a sufficiently large space between us, so that we might not convenience the enemy by all three falling by the same shot. The road was strewn with bullets, haversacs, parts of soldiers' uniforms and such-like things. The first wounded man we found had both legs shattered: the poor fellow shrieked with pain. A little further on we found a woman lying dead at the door of a barn; then a soldier seriously wounded in the abdomen, moaning piteously. I can still hear his words: "*O ma chère petite maman! Je ne vous reverrai donc plus!*" At moments the pain he suffered seemed to drive him mad: then he would beg us to make an end of him, finish him off.

. . . . Oh, how one feels at such moments all the hideousness of war! I knelt down beside the poor boy, talked to him of his "maman," promised to write to her, then drew him on to make his confession and anointed him. . . .

As there were no stretcher-bearers at hand we had to make use of very primitive methods in the removal of the wounded. The first of the two just mentioned was removed on an almost rotten ladder, the other on a wheelbarrow. I took my turn in carrying the ladder and pushing the barrow. But what a miserable business! The ladder threatened to go to pieces any moment, and the poor wounded soldier who had to be removed face downwards kept begging us to lay him on his

back, though the doctor warned him that he would suffer more so. Matters were even worse with the man in the wheelbarrow. The slightest jerk made him cry out with pain: and yet, in spite of our utmost precautions, it was impossible to avoid such jolts and jerks on the rugged road we were carrying him in such primitive fashion.

Cattle were lowing mournfully and ceaselessly in the abandoned stables. The enemy's batteries had resumed their steady firing and the houses into which we had gathered our poor wounded were soon literally razed to the ground. When we rejoined our battalion, our own batteries had likewise begun to thunder forth: our reconnoitring party had discovered the position of the enemy and soon all the houses on the borders of the wood of Nieuweurode, where the enemy lay hidden, were in flames.

In the evening I again visited the wounded. The two of whom I have spoken lay together in a small room on a little straw: they suffered terribly. In a corner sat the doctor, looking fixedly before him, helpless to relieve their pains. As I left the house I fell in with my battalion. We must retire at once to Raemsdonck, it seemed, for though we had repulsed the enemy we were in grave danger, little though we fancied it. The right and left wings of our division had found it necessary to fall back in the morning, and so we found ourselves driven like a wedge into the enemy's lines to a depth of four kilometres. We might easily have been surrounded and cut off, but happily the much-vaunted organisation of the Germans failed for once to rise to the occasion.—F. C.

Passionist Missions in Bulgaria.

A Retrospect—and a Forecast.

THE War has become such an all-absorbing subject—one had nearly said obsession—that it is hardly possible to speak even of Catholic activities without seeing them through the terribly discoloured medium that eight months' strife and bloodshed have created for us. Even the works most specially associated with peace can no longer be regarded except through war-glasses as it were, and the sudden conversion of many of our Missionary areas in Africa and the Near East to "war-zones" has brought Catholics face to face with the problem of the war and its effect on their Foreign Missions in a drastic fashion. Yet if it help many who have hitherto been ignorant or indifferent to the labours of the

Catholic Missionary, to know and revere them better, even this terrible awakening will have had its uses.

If Catholics in general, however, are anxious about the ultimate effect of the War on the Mission Field, with what anxiety must not the readers of THE CROSS think of the Missions of the Passionist Fathers in Bulgaria? The history of that apostolate is one of the most glorious in our modern Missionary annals, yet who shall say that it is as well and widely known as it ought to be? Is it that the splendid record of the Sons of St. Paul of the Cross as missionaries at home, has tended to thrust into the background the history of what they have accomplished in the Far East?

As far back as 1761, St. Paul of the Cross was keenly anxious for his Congregation to take their share in the labours of the Foreign Mission Field, and in that year he wrote of them as only awaiting the call from Propaganda. In the light of after events, it is curious to recall that St. Paul of the Cross himself as a youth was anxious to join the crusade convoked by Pope Clement XI against the Turks: it was, therefore, specially appropriate that his spiritual children should find the field for their labours in Bulgaria when ultimately summoned to the Foreign Mission.

Not till 1781, when the whole of Europe was astir with the spiritual unrest born of the revolutionary thinkers in France, did the first Passionist Fathers go forth to their task—a sufficiently hopeless one to all human appearance. The Bulgarian Catholics had indeed profited by the zealous efforts of the Franciscan Fathers and of a congregation known as the Baptists, but the little Catholic community in Turkey, who had to be satisfied with the ministrations of only two priests, had seen their bishop, a native of Bulgaria, Mgr. Paul Dovanlie, driven to take up his abode at Bucharest, to escape the persecution of the Turks.

It was to Bucharest that Father Francis Ferreri and Father Giacomo Sperandio came to lay the foundations of an apostolate whose results show to this day in the Roumanian capital, for it cannot be forgotten that the Passionist Mission began in Roumania. For seven years did the fathers spend themselves for their little flock—strangers in a strange land—with constant poverty to remind them that the Passionist missionary, abroad as at home, can never know anything less than absolute destitution as regards the goods of this world, while around them brooded the perpetual menace of the Turk—and, remember, those were the dismal days when the Ottoman oppressor forbade any Catholic church to be built within its borders.

The recall of the missionaries—it was formerly a rule of the Passionist Congregation that no missionary should remain longer than seven years on the mission—left the little Catholic villages bereft of their pastors, but when Mgr. Dovanlie died, in 1804, Father Ferreri was chosen to succeed him as Bishop of Nicopolis, and his experiences in his Near Eastern episcopate make a missionary epic of their own.

Bishop Ferreri's devotion to his see ended only with his death, when, in 1813, he fell a victim to his own self-sacrifice in tending his plague-stricken flock, and succumbed to the same dread malady. But the line of Passionist bishops in Bulgaria remains unbroken, and until his recent death Mgr. Leonard Baumbach, the ninth of his line, carried on the glorious traditions of the Bulgarian episcopate in the see of Nicopolis. The five parishes of the first Catholic settlements increased to eighteen, with a population of 18,000 Catholics of the Latin rite.

And if such were the beginnings of that great work, how will it fare to-day, amid the changed conditions that the war has already evoked? The last Balkan war brought out in a disquieting manner the readiness of the Greeks in Macedonia to persecute the Bulgarian Catholics: a missionary writing in the *Missioni Cattoliche* recently from Dolni Todorat, gave a most terrible account of the wholesale destruction wrought by the Greek soldiery, who burned his church, school and presbytery, with everything the latter contained, and finally he was actually tied up by his captors under the scorching rays of a July sun and left without food or drink, and actually menaced by his assailants' rifles.

The knowledge that the Passionist fathers are working to-day under such set-backs will, we are certain, only quicken the sympathy of Irish and English Catholics for their gallant Passionist missionaries, toiling to keep the faith for the flock committed to them in a land where Turkish persecution has only given way to the rancour and bitterness of their schismatic opponents.

There are countless problems awaiting solution in the Near East when the present strife ends, but for Catholics the one that over-rides all others will be the preservation and development of these outposts of the faith which have cost her Passionist missionaries so much in the past to maintain.

It is the memory of what the sons of St. Paul of the Cross have done already that will be the best incentive to further effort in the time that is coming, when the power of the Turk shall be for ever (may we not trust?) shattered in the Balkan peninsula, and Catholicism shall once more rear the Cross again where the Crescent has for so long maintained its baleful ascendancy.

If we have much to deplore in the past as regards the persecution of the Church in the Near East, we have surely much to hope for in the future: the Concordat already guaranteed to Serbia is the best pledge of the future progress of Catholicism in the Balkans: it is a challenge we cannot ignore to our prayers and alms alike. So let us then, who are readers of THE CROSS, think sometimes of the missionaries who are labouring in the see of Nicopolis, and give them a place in our prayers—for they need it!

A PROMOTER.

The Reformation of Murty Mulligan.

MURTY MULLIGAN, of Killcline, shoemaker and tenant-farmer, was a man of a literary turn of mind.

Now, we do not wish this statement to be interpreted as implying that he had read Shakespeare or studied the Attic dramatists or written love sonnets to Mrs. Mulligan when she was plain Nancy Flaherty. No! Murty's incursions into the fields of literature were confined to diligent perusal of the newspapers and of whatever books the schoolmaster from time to time had lent him; but as the higher culture had not yet penetrated as far as Killcline, and as Murty was the only one of the older generation who evinced a taste for reading, he was regarded as a veritable prodigy of learning by his simple neighbours.

Politics were his especial forte, and every night a circle of admiring neighbours gathered around Murty's hearth while he read aloud the latest speeches in Parliament, pointed out the salient points in each, criticised freely wherever he thought it necessary, and exposed to view the errors of the present administration of Government.

His old cronies hung with bated breath upon his every word, and punctuated his wise remarks with frequent exclamations of approval.

Murty was their oracle.

But while Mulligan was in this respect a brilliant success, as a shoemaker and farmer he was a dismal failure. He had a profound antipathy to work of every kind, and if Nancy had ever failed in her self-appointed task of applying the goad, doubtless her lord and master would have been long since declared insolvent.

But Nancy stuck to her guns despite the fact that a hundred times a day she declared with a weary sigh and a sorrowful shake of the head:—

" My tongue is worn talking to you, Murty Mulligan. Lave down that paper this blessed minute, and turn to your work like every other decent man in the country. There's Nell Cassidy's pair of boots that you should have soled a week ago, and her saying that she's going to the market to-morrow without you as much as havin' left a hand to them yet. Ach, wirrasthrue! why had I the misfortune ever to marry such a lazy good-for-nothing vagabone as you? Papers and books for Murty Mulligan the cobbler—no less! It'd pay you better to stick to your last and be like your equals instead of making a ceolawn of yoursel' stuck in them papers from mornin' until night."

And having thus given vent to her indignation, Nancy invariably whisked the paper from Murty, and by consigning

it to the flames compelled him *nolens volens* to stick to his last. Whereupon Murty was usually seized with a sudden fit of industry, and pegged away grimly for an hour or so at his work. But at the end of that time when Nancy's vigilant eye was no longer upon him, he began to muse once more on the latest news, and while his fingers worked as nimbly as before, his mind soared away from the last and the shoemaker's hammer, with the natural result that he often succeeded in doing strange things indeed. Once Nancy returned to find that a "fine" pair of shoes which only needed a patch on either heel were stripped ready for soleing, and at another time she found the worthy Murty, totally oblivious of mundane things, busily engaged in scratching with his knife some strange device on a piece of leather.

The scene which followed her discovery on the former occasion was stormy in the extreme, but after her second discovery poor Nancy was too dumbfounded to speak.

She alternately raised her eyes to Heaven in mute supplication or gazed on Murty with a world of pity and compassion in them, for she verily believed that her worthy spouse had taken leave of his senses. But no! reason still sat enthroned on her pedestal in Murty Mulligan's mind, despite the episode of the scratching of strange devices on the leather and Nancy's fears to the contrary.

And thereby hangs my story

The strange device which Murty had scratched on the leather was not the figment of a disordered brain as poor Nancy believed, but nothing more than an advertisement-puzzle which he had come across in his favourite paper, *The Weekly Squib*. Now, Murty's hobby was the solution of such puzzles as this, and with a skill born of long practice, he was able to solve most of them at a glance. However, in the present instance the solution was not so obvious, and Murty continued to bend over his table scratching curious figures with strained intense application, while Nancy looked on, her arms akimbo, her lips moving in prayer and her head solemnly shaking.

At length, in a flash of inspiration, Murty grasped the elusive idea he had chased so long and gave vent to his satisfaction in a loud whoop. Springing to his feet he was about to execute some kind of an Indian war-dance when he was frozen into inactivity by the eagle eye of his better-half fixed coldly and reprovingly upon him.

" God help us, Murty Mulligan," she exclaimed, " what's the manin' of this at all at all? God between us and harm, I thought when I saw you scrapin' them quare things on the leather, that your brain was gone entirely!" And overcome with joy at the discovery that her fear was groundless she sank into the nearest chair and began to sob loudly. Now, if there was one weapon in Nancy's armoury which Murty feared more than another it was her tears, and no one knew that better than Nancy herself. She knew from experience

that this was the time to wring concessions from Murty, so she continued to sob bitterly :

" Ach ! Murty—Murty Mulligan, you'll break me poor heart, yourself and your newspapers and playactin'" —and then she buried her face in the folds of her apron.

Murty was the picture of blank despair. " Ach, woman alive," he expostulated, " what are you goin' on with that nonsense for ? Sure I was only makin' out a puzzle, and be the same token there's a great prize for everywan that makes it out."

" Prize ineadh !" exclaimed Nancy. " That's the same story again. How often did ye tell us when ye were wastin' yere time that ye were going to win a prize ? Oh, Murty, you're the heart-scald."

" But," returned Murty stoutly, " this is different from the other puzzles, and the paper says plainly that £100 will be divided among those who send in the correct solution. Now after great strugglin' I have got it right, and why shouldn't I send it in and take me chance ?"

" Oh, plaze yourself, of course," retorted Nancy, who, to tell the truth, was slightly excited at the mention of the £100, although her feelings of distrust and aversion towards newspapers in general, and the *Weekly Squib* in particular, still remained.

" But you'll have to promise me, Murty, this blessed minute, that unless you get something worth mentionin' this time, you'll do with wan paper in the week for the future and go about your business like any decent man would."

Murty, being naturally optimistic, was convinced that he would certainly " get something worth mentionin'" this time, and consequently that he might make the promise without any sacrifice. And make it he did in absolute good faith, and that same evening dispatched his solution to the great London firm under whose name the puzzle appeared.

If Murty's work in the workshop and on the farm had been hitherto neglected, during the interval that elapsed between his posting of the solution and the day he received the first communication from the London firm, it was positively abandoned. But in one respect he had to all outward appearances improved. He no longer lay abed until almost dinner-time, but was up betimes eagerly watching for the arrival of the rural postman. When the latter failed to put in an appearance, or (what was worse) came right into the line of Murty's vision and then vanished in an opposite direction, our hero abandoned his vigil and sulked in his corner for the rest of the day. Nancy, skilful diplomatist that she was, refrained from making any comments and left her good man for the time being, at least, to his own sweet will.

Then one day the long-expected letter arrived. It was a rather formidable-looking printed document, and Murty's hand shook so much as he smoothed it out, and the words danced in

such a bewildering manner before his eyes, that it took him some time to decipher the meaning of the following epistle :

Dear Sir,

We congratulate you on being a prize-winner in our Grand Puzzle Contest, and beg to inform you that subject to one condition you shall participate in our final distribution of £100 to our successful competitors. This condition is simplicity itself. You have only to send half-a-crown for one of our magnificent California Fountain Pens worth treble the amount and forthwith you are entitled to participate in the distribution of £100, which we are simply giving away to advertise our goods. This offer must, however, be taken up within ten days. Congratulating you once more on your skill and fortune,

We remain,

Yours faithfully,

CLINE, CLYDE & CO.

It is quite impossible to describe the varying emotions which were depicted on Murty's face as he read this missive. For a moment joy prevailed, and in fact after reading the first few words he began to fumble in the envelope for the cheque he felt sure must be there.

Then as it dawned on him that there was a condition to be fulfilled, rage took possession of him, and he was about to consign the document to the flames when a natural curiosity to know the condition prevailed and he finished the reading.

Certainly the condition was no unreasonable one, and if only you were sure of a return for your outlay what was half-a-crown after all !

So reasoned Murty as he read and re-read the letter. The number " 7 " inscribed on the order-form enclosed conveyed to his mind the intimation that he was one of a few successful competitors, and his mind dwelt on that fact with glowing pride and satisfaction. Surely he should not lose the chance of winning perhaps a ten-pound note for the sake of a paltry half-crown !

After all there was Myles Flanagan's pair of boots to be mended, and that job in itself would easily bring in the two-and-six. But if only the article to be purchased had been something more useful and ordinary than a fountain pen : if only it had been a hammer or a last or even a new blouse for Nancy ! However, he had perforce to be content with the condition as it stood, so he applied himself with a will to the task of earning the necessary half-crown.

The order for one fountain pen was duly dispatched, and then, as before, Murty waited in anxious expectation for the second communication. It came more expeditiously than on the former occasion—and with it came the fountain pen. But the cheque was not even now enclosed although roseate hopes were held out in the following words :—

Dear Sir,

We thank you for your promptness in taking up our offer, and are convinced that you will be delighted with your pen which is certainly equal to any on the market at half-a-guinea. With regard to the allotment of £100 to our successful competitors who have complied with our one simple condition, we beg to inform you that the division will take place before a select committee on the last day of June, and we shall immediately forward you a complete list of the lucky ones amongst whom you shall of course

figure prominently. Assuring you of our best attention at all times,

We remain,

Yours faithfully,

CLINE, CLYDE & CO.

Murty's feelings on the present occasion were again of a very mixed kind. Of course he felt that he deserved the thanks of Cline, Clyde and Co. for his promptness in taking up their offer, but he had not even the most remote idea as to whether his fountain pen was worth half-a-guinea or even half-a-crown. He was chagrined by the fact that his expectations of soon receiving the cheque had been so rudely shattered, but there was some consolation in the announcement that he was finally destined to receive something.

Muttering "better late than never," he carefully stored away the precious missive in his work-box for future reference. But in the meantime what was he, Murty Mulligan, shoemaker and tenant-farmer, to do with such a thing as a fountain pen?

His first impulse was to present it gratuitously to Mr. Mahon, the schoolmaster, but then the latter had a happy knack of asking awkward questions, and our hero felt that the time was yet premature for making the story of his speculations public property. No! whatever incongruity there might be in the union, Murty had to stick to the fountain pen for the present.

Time now passed on leaden wings while Murty scratched off each day from a rude improvised calendar in his endeavour to bring the great day nearer. It required all Nancy's tact and diplomacy to keep him making even spasmodic attempts to do his work on the farm or at his trade. His heart was not in the work. No! a hundred times a day he stuck his spade in the turf-bank and sitting on the heather produced his fountain pen to figure out what he would do with his share of the spoil. No one, with the single exception of Nancy, knew what occupied his mind during those long periods of rest, and she was too adroit a diplomatist to interfere for the present, but simply bided her time and waited.

The last day of June was approaching, and each day measured an increase in Murty's excitement. Then the fateful day came and went, and our hero was again on the look-out for the postman. Three days later the latter put in appearance, and another formidable-looking official envelope passed into the hands of Murty Mulligan. The latter, deaf to the observations of the postman about the weather, etc., tore open the envelope with trembling hands.

No cheque met his gaze! Surely there must be some mistake! And Murty prayed fervently that there might be as he eagerly scanned the enclosed letter.

Dear Sir,

In accordance with the terms of our promise we are sending you full particulars of the close of our Grand Contest. The number of competitors who successfully solved our puzzle and afterwards complied with our one simple condition is 20,000. Amongst those the sum of £100, minus the

expenses of the Adjudication Board, has been equally divided according to the terms of our advertisement.

Accordingly your share of one penny awaits you at our offices and same shall be forwarded—.

But Murty waited no longer. He tore the unoffending paper in a hundred pieces which he trampled ruthlessly in the mire.

Then, seizing his spade, he hurried away to the work he had so long neglected.

Nancy, watching the proceedings from the window, took in the facts of the case at a glance, and raised her eyes to Heaven in mute thanksgiving.

That day marked the beginning of the Reformation of Murty Mulligan.

P. J. VESEY, B.A.

In Thanksgiving.

Mrs. M. (Dublin) sends two-and-sixpence towards the fund for the Beatification of Gemma Galgani as a thanksgiving offering for her child's recovery from a severe illness through Gemma's intercession. **L. D. (Dublin)** sends us through the Manager of "The Irish Catholic" a donation of ten shillings towards the expenses of the Causes of Blessed Gabriel and Gemma Galgani. **Mrs. G. (Dublin)** sends two shillings towards expenses of the Causes of Blessed Gabriel, Gemma Galgani and the Little Flower, in thanksgiving for favours received through their intercession. **Mrs. Smith (Cavan)** sends five shillings towards expenses of the Causes of Blessed Gabriel and Gemma Galgani, in thanksgiving for a temporal favour received through their intercession. **L. J. (Birmingham)** sends five shillings towards the fund for the Canonization of Blessed Gabriel as a thank-offering for favours received. **One in Trouble** forwards five shillings towards the expenses of the Cause of Blessed Gabriel, begging the prayers of Blessed Gabriel and of his devout clients for success in a serious matter which is of very vital importance to him.

We have received the following letter, telling of a very remarkable cure attributed to the intercession of Blessed Gabriel, from a correspondent in Wealdstone, Middlesex:—

To the Editor THE CROSS.

Revd. Sir,—I wish to acknowledge favours granted through the intercession of the after-mentioned saints, and should be glad if you would publish them in THE CROSS. The favours referred to are two, the first being as follows: About the middle of October last my wife having informed me that our little son, Francis Gabriel, then twelve months old, was ruptured, I desired her to take him to a doctor, who stated that the rupture was an "inguinal hernia" and that an operation would be necessary. My wife wishing to obtain further advice took the boy on the following day to Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital. The surgeon at this institution gave the same opinion as the local doctor, but said that the operation could be put off for a time, as the child was suffering from his teeth, a truss being meanwhile supplied for him to wear. We didn't want the little fellow to be operated on, and made a novena to Blessed Gabriel. We kept this up for some weeks without any result, until it became necessary to call in the local doctor again, as the child had a touch of influenza. He examined the rupture and found it quite gone, and said the truss could be left off in a short time. At the time of writing there is no trace of the rupture, and the little fellow walks and is full of health.

The second favour was a better situation for myself and was obtained through the intercession of St. Joseph, Blessed Gabriel, Gemma Galgani, and the Little Flower. The favour was granted after many weeks.

What I have stated here I declare to be true, and I regard the cure of the rupture of my little son as a miracle.



**A Literary Circle for Young Readers of
"The Cross."**

Conducted by FRANCIS.

RULES OF THE GUILD.

- I. *The Guild of Blessed Gabriel is a literary circle open to boys and girls under 18 years of age.*
- II. *The members will be expected to spread devotion to Blessed Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity and truth; and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and guide.*
- III. *They will at all times observe the conditions under which the competitions will be held.*
- IV. *They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of Blessed Gabriel.*

OUR Guild is making excellent progress in all directions, and month by month wins words of praise even from those who cannot say they are young enough to be enrolled as members. I have just received a copy of a most interesting and very ably-edited magazine called *Catholic Missions*, which is published at 162 St. Stephen's House, Westminster, London, and on page 22 I find the following note:—"As a sign of the increasing interest taken by the Irish Catholic Press in missionary matters, it was gratifying recently to note the well-known Passionist magazine, *THE CROSS*, holding a competition in its charming Children's Corner for the best essay on 'Foreign Missions.' The published essays fully justified the departure, and were very creditable contributions to the subject of Foreign Missions, in spite of the writers' youth."

In letters to the Editor, and to members of the Guild from priests, nuns, teachers and others, glowing **Other Tributes.** tributes are also paid to our work, and to the influence for good it must exercise on the minds and hearts of our boys and girls. Instead of causing us to develop that undesirable but prevalent complaint known as "swelled head," these tributes should only

make us work the harder to increase the membership roll, so as to extend the good influence of the Guild to as many young people as possible. Several of our recruiting sergeants are working with a will, but others are not doing as much as they might to make *THE CROSS* and the Guild known to all the young people of their acquaintance. During the long vacation, now so fast approaching, great work of this kind can be done, and I rely on every member to do it "with a heart and a half."

The number of my letters is again large this month, and I am glad to see among the writers many

My Post Bag. new friends who have come from places very far apart. From the Presentation Convent, Athenry, County Galway, ten bonny maidens come to me, "beaming all over with their smiles," and it is with the greatest delight I bid them welcome to the Guild. Their names are—**Agnes Byrne, May O'Doherty, Louie Scully, Mary McDermott, Julia Frances O'Regan, Lizzie Walsh, Mary Ruane, May Kearney, Annie Finn, and Katie Lyskey.** They are delighted with *THE CROSS*, mean to enter often for the competitions and, judging by their initial efforts, some of our established favourites will need to look to their laurels. **Philip Hugh Fogarty** is doing splendid work for the Guild in Lancashire, England, and has succeeded in obtaining several new readers for *THE CROSS*. More power to him! **Rose M. Brady** is a new member who comes to us from St. Joseph's Convent, Cavan. She is heartily welcome, and I trust that she and my old friend **Maggie Smyth**—who also writes me an interesting letter this month—will succeed ere long in recruiting a big company of new members in Cavan. **Mollie Boyle**, of Belfast, is one of our staunchest friends in the North, and this month she brings five new members into our midst. They are—**Rose Pledge, Ellen Quinn, Susan Kearns, Mollie Hendley, and Mary Kate O'Reilly**, and each one of them has written me a very nice letter. Thanks and a hearty welcome to them, one and all! I wish I could afford space to publish in full the beautiful letter from **Lilian Mary Nally**, which I have read again and again, and for which I thank most heartily my dear young friend. Here is a picture that I cannot resist publishing:—"The country looks beautiful these May days. The broad verdant fields, the tender leaves of the trees, the glowing sunshine, the opening buds, and the gay May flowers speak to us on every hand of God's eternal goodness. In a chair woven by Nature's fingers I sit as I write—a rough stone is my table. The scent of the blossoms and of the fresh young leaves and grasses is around me, and on the swaying branches of the trees the birds rest and sing forth songs of joy into the evening air. In the far distance the mountains kiss the silvery clouds, and here a river murmurs and laughs softly at my feet." Here is a prose poem that I trust will give as

much pleasure to every member of the Guild as it has given to me. Some day, dear Lilian, the wish expressed in your letter will be realised, please God, and then I shall thank you for all the peace and pleasure your kindly messages have brought into my heart. God bless you and all you love! A very welcome new member is **Sara M. Garner**, who comes to us from Sutton, in England. In the course of a most interesting letter she says: "Mother buys THE CROSS every month, and the stories and articles are so interesting that I have spent many a delightful hour absorbed in its pages. A very great friend of mine, who is also a diligent reader of THE CROSS, goes to the same school as myself (the Convent of Notre Dame), and during recreation time we relate to our classmates the beautiful stories we have read in your magazine." And again: "Blessed Gabriel is my patron, and I always pray to him when I want an intention granted. The pure and angelic youth of dear Blessed Gabriel thrills me when I think of it." Sara will have a personal interest henceforward in THE CROSS. I hope to hear from her every month. **Mollie Joyce** writes me a characteristically breezy note, but warns me that I am not likely to hear from her for some time to come, as she means to fling writing and all serious work to the winds during the summer days. What would become of poor Francis if all the members were to follow Mollie's example? Two new members—**Amy Jenkinson** and **Mat Jenkinson**—come to us from Arklow, and both are heartily welcome. I was delighted to hear from **Agnes McCafferty**, of Glasgow, after her long silence, and I was very pleased with her letter. She asks the prayers of all the members for her dear mother, who is an invalid and suffers a great deal. I am sure the request will be responded to by all. Letters of thanks for prizes received have come from **Benedicta Kelly**, **Jennie Donegan**, **Maureen O'Brien**, and **Proinsias MacThighearnain**, all of whom are delighted beyond measure with their books. Two new members from Cork City are **Frances** and **Madge Cunningham**, both of whom it is a pleasure to greet. I am sure they will be earnest and faithful members. We have also another new and welcome addition to our County Cork members in the person of **Nellie Wilkinson**; from Windgap, County Kilkenny, come **Sadie Frances Doyle** and **Margaret Landy**, and Dublin sends another new recruit into the ranks—**Tillie Maguire**, of Harold's Cross. A warm and a hearty welcome to them all! A letter of congratulation on the growth of the Guild comes from my old friend, **Chrissie Burke**, in the course of which she writes: "There appears to be a large number of poets and poetesses in the Guild. The writer of last month's prize poem is to be congratulated on his excellent work." Don't praise him too highly, Chrissie. Already, I fear, his cap has grown too small by nearly a size, and it would be a pity to spoil such a promising boy. (Between ourselves—this is strictly confidential, Chrissie—he has pro-

mised to worry me by winning a prize every month !!). The following members were late last month:—**Mary Ellen Smaul**, **Mary Barry**, **Andrew Allen**, and **Sarah Jenkinson**.

The pretty Badge, bearing the portrait of Blessed Gabriel, which is awarded to the member who brings **Badge Winners**. five new recruits into the Guild, goes this month to the Presentation Convent, Athenry, Co. Galway (to be awarded by the Sisters to the girl they consider the most zealous promoter), and to **Mollie Boyle**, 33 Rosevale Street, Belfast.

All newcomers will please write a personal note to **Francis**, apart from their competition papers, asking to be admitted to membership of the Guild.

All the letters on "My Favourite Subject at School" were good, and some were so excellent that it was by no means easy to decide which was best of the lot. In the end I came to the

decision that the best letter was written by **Mollie Joyce**, 23 Dunbar Street, Cork, and I considered that the very nice letter on "Singing," written by **Agnes Byrne**, Presentation Convent, Athenry, County Galway, was deserving of a Special Prize. Letters that ran the work of the prize-winners very close were written by Chrissie Burke, Maggie Smyth, Frances Cunningham, Louie Scully, Mary McDermott, Julia F. O'Regan, Lizzie Walshe, Katie Linsky, Mary Ruane, May Kearney, May Doherty, Annie Finn, Chrissie Higgins, Tillie Maguire, Nellie Maguire, Susan Kearns, Eileen Quinn, Eily Barrett, Philip H. Fogarty, Rose Mary Brady, Sadie F. Doyle, May McCormack, Kathleen McCarthy, and Annie Close.

Our boy readers will be glad to learn that the majority of the competitors—nearly all girls—have **Members under 12** answered "No" to the question, "Are the Boys of Ireland Lazy?" I trust that those

boys who are members of the Guild will strive in future to uphold the good name given them by the girls. The prize in this competition was won by **Brigid Trainor**, 16 Annalee Street, Belfast. I was well pleased with the letters sent in by May Allen, Sarah Jenkinson, Maureen O'Brien, Eileen Kavanagh, Katie Magee, M. O'Hare, Mary K. O'Reilly, Mollie Boyle, Gertrude Carton, Bernard Carton, Brigid Mary Carton, Madge Cunningham, Katie O'Neill, and Benedicta Kelly.

OUR NEXT COMPETITION.

I. For Members over 12 and under 18 years of age.

Here is a nice and pleasant competition that will not be too trying in the warm days. Select any three words you like from each page of this month's issue of THE CROSS, and with the words thus selected write a note or paragraph on any subject you like. To the writer of the best paragraph a handsome book prize will be awarded.

II. For Members under 12 years of age.

A handsome book prize will be awarded for the best and most neatly-written list of birds and flowers known to the competitor.

All competition papers must be certified by some responsible person as being the unaided work of the competitors. They must have attached to them the coupon which will be found in this issue (one coupon will be sufficient for all the members of a family), and must be written on **one side only** of the paper. They must be sent so as to reach the Office of THE CROSS not later than June 14th. All letters to be addressed:—Francis, c/o THE CROSS, St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin.

PRIZE LETTER.

23 Dunbar Street,
Cork, 4. 5. '15.

Dear Francis,

I am sitting, as I write to you, in a hidden mossy corner back of an orchard. The trees are laden with bright leaves and clustering fruit, and down the pathway leading from the orchard the scented flowers are blending in a crimson glow. Beyond the rim of some distant hills the sun has sunk and is hiding its golden glory behind their rugged peaks. Suddenly the sound of the bell for the Angelus reaches my ear and I start from my wordless worship of God and contemplation of glorious nature at its best, and remember the subject of my letter to you.

There are scenes that never fade from our minds, that memory is always able to call up and make real again, even when years have passed away, and to-night's glorious scene is such for me. It is impossible to attempt pen-painting this scenery, and words cannot be found to express the feelings of the soul as one gazes on it. As I watch the sun forsake the sky and the mist begin to steal over heath and bog, I feel strange emotions awakening within me and I begin to dream of days to come in Erin, dreams that blot out the present and revive in my mind her glorious past, when her language was her Faith, and her Faith her salvation, and I come to my favourite subject—Irish.

My favourite because I love it. The very sound of its simplest words holds a strange charm for me. The admiration of philologists, it stands intrinsically beautiful, a wonderful combination of words and sounds; precision of thought and all the thousand things of interest to scholars. But it is not because, as Professor Pederson, enamoured of it, exclaims that the Irish language is “a diamond on the lips of the most uncouth, the language of the sweetest sounds of all the world’s languages,” nor that its extensive vocabulary exceeds the count of all the Grecian dialects combined, that we should study it, but because it is our own, our native tongue, the language of our ancestors. What dearer souvenir of the past can we have than the language which the noble feelings of our predecessors found vent in and which we ought to love and learn!

The Irish language is vivid and impressive and stirs the emotions of the human heart just as a fascinating drama unfolds itself and the actors appear and disappear from the scene. It portrays the feelings of the Irish as a people and proclaims them to be noble, generous and patriotic. It reveals some of them as enthusiasts and idealists who loved their suffering country and asked nothing more than to strike a blow for her, for the cloud of sorrow is rarely absent from Erin’s horizon and the flickering gleams of sunshine serve but to mark more forcibly the overhanging gloom; but it cannot always be so, for Erin’s sons love her with passionate devotion and would willingly die for her, exclaiming as they did so:

The judgment hour must first be nigh,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!

MOLLIE JOYCE